KNAVE

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TEMPTING THERESA RUSSELL: THE BLONDE FROM 'BAD TIMING' TELLS ALL.

SMALL BEER: BOOZING'S NEW GOLDEN AGE.

FEATS OF CLAY: HOW TO GO SKEET SHOOTING.

FIFTEEN SHORT-CUTS TO MILLIONAIRE'S ROW.

IT HAPPENED TO HER: OUR MOST SENSATIONAL SEXPOSÉ EVER.

PLUS: KNAVE'S FULL HOUSE: FIVE FABULOUS GIRLS.

Photographed by John Allum

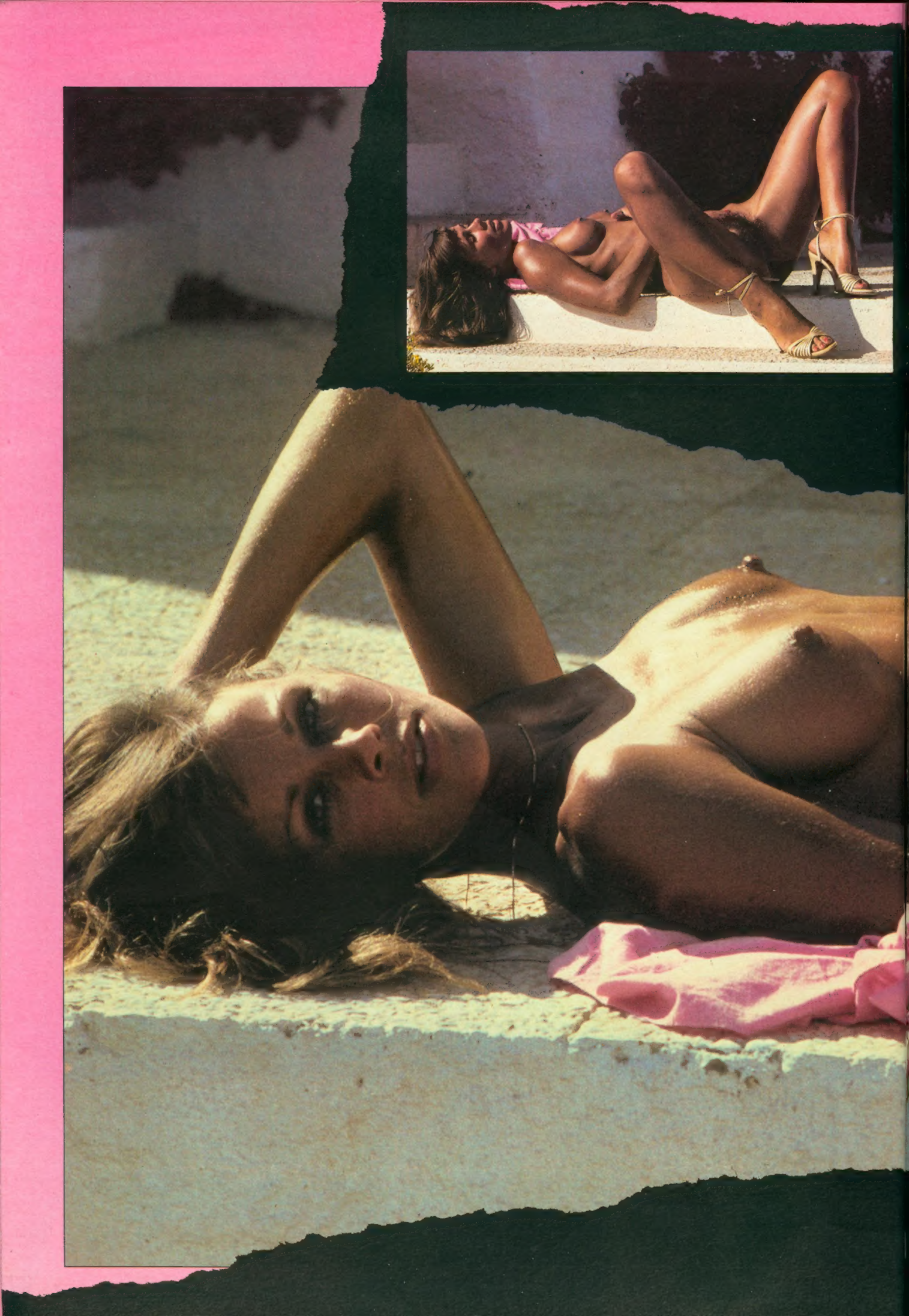
LANA

"Think of a number", says Lana, "between one and ten".

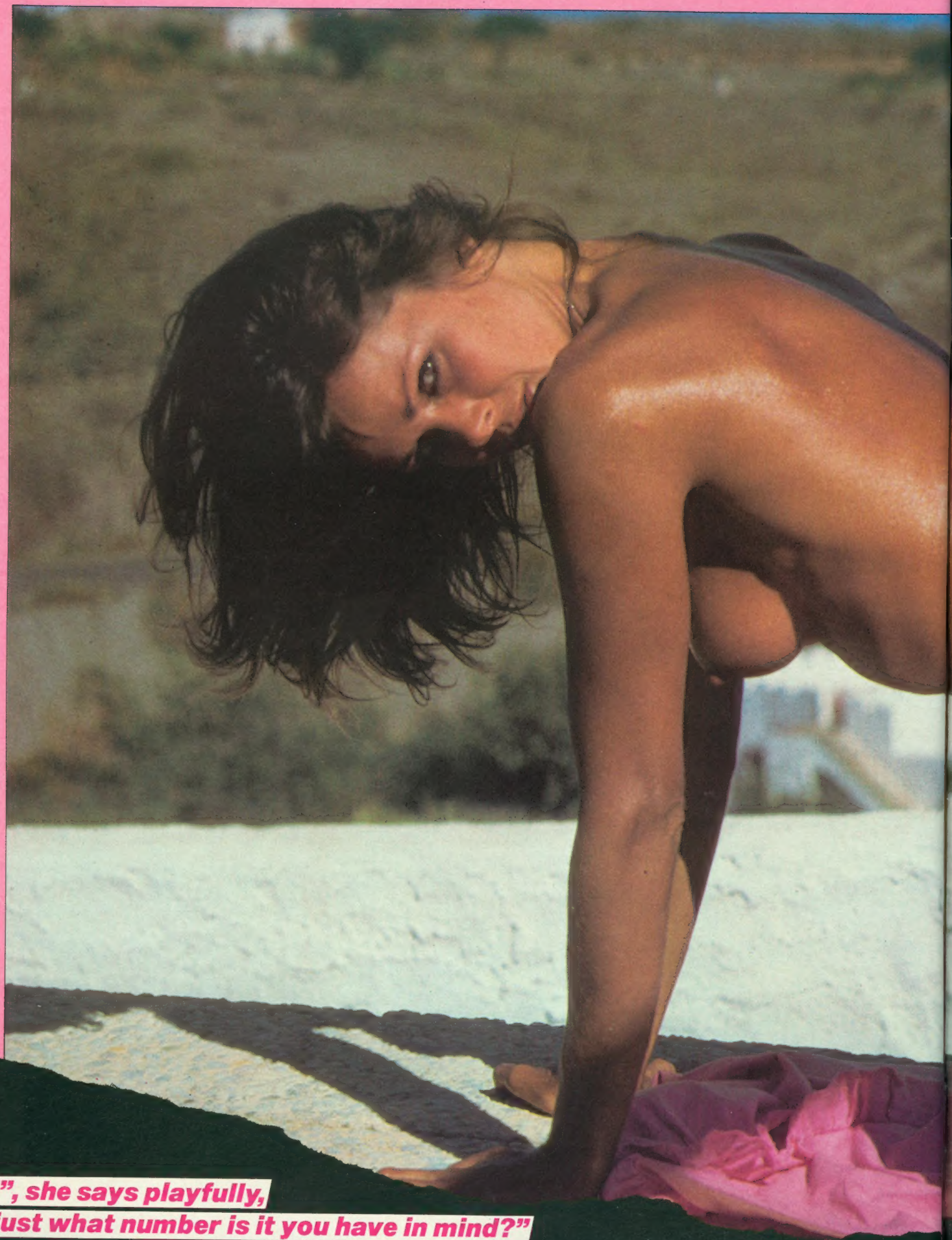
"Impossible", I say. Most of her body is on display.

The numbers I am thinking of are above twenty but below forty.

For obvious reasons.



Lana is a pavement artist. Particularly when she's lying down. I find myself wanting to draw a slow crayon over her sleepy, sunburned shape. No time like right now.



"OK", she says playfully,
"just what number is it you have in mind?"
"Something by Stevie Wonder",
I reply. "Plenty of harmonica". She giggles. Lana has a very discreet gigg
(something like a contact lens dropping into a silk handkerchief).
Yes, you could say that she's attractively built.

Isabelle is a quiet girl, much addicted to the soft-fingered touch of a pure silk kimono, or the stark outline of sheer black lingerie against her 36-25-36 inches.

Isabelle

Twenty two years old, she is devoted to life's finer things, like Janet Reger lingerie or Lancombe cosmetics: products that are definitively Gallic, which is just as well since Isabelle happens to be very French indeed. French, but quite Anglophile, the result of a childhood on the Normandy coast. "The English think luxury is a *snobbisme*, a showing off. That is not true. It's simply a feeling for life."

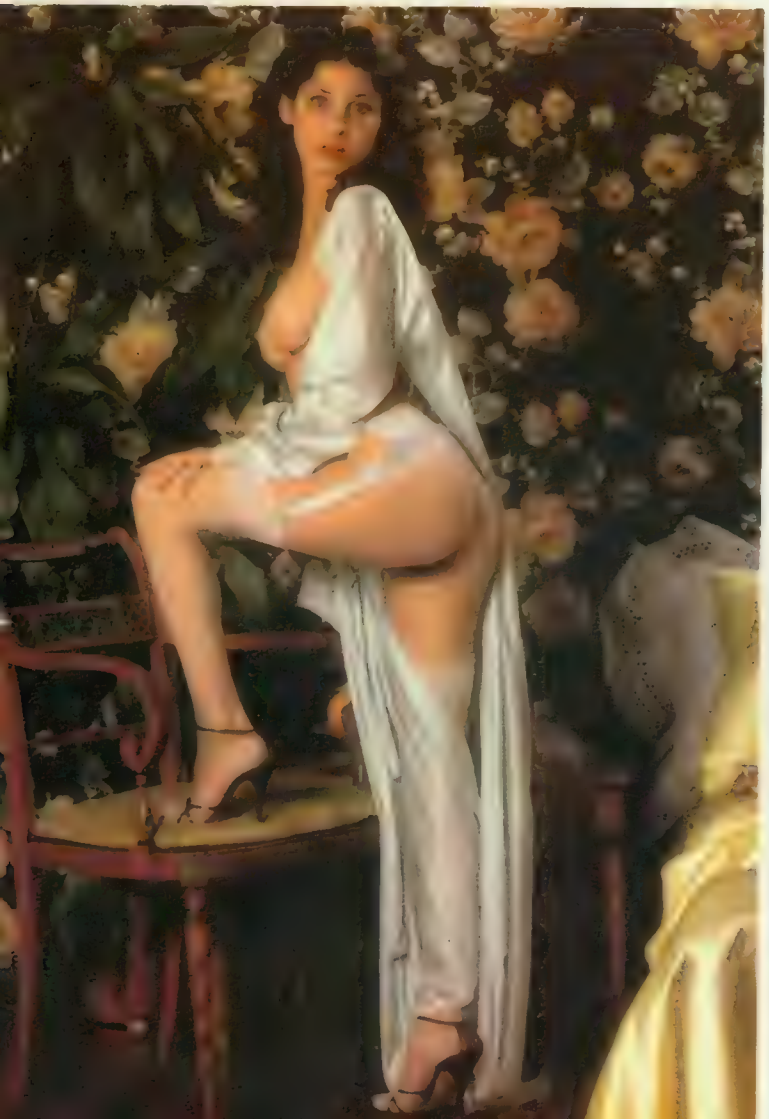
A feeling she was introduced to early, modelling lingerie as a full-bodied 18-yea old for a small shop in her native town. "The man in charge thought my figure was good to show off the things in the shop; it was a big help for making sales." Sales from women? Isabelle nods. "And the men. I would do a little show for them. One man us to drive all the way from Paris We can see why

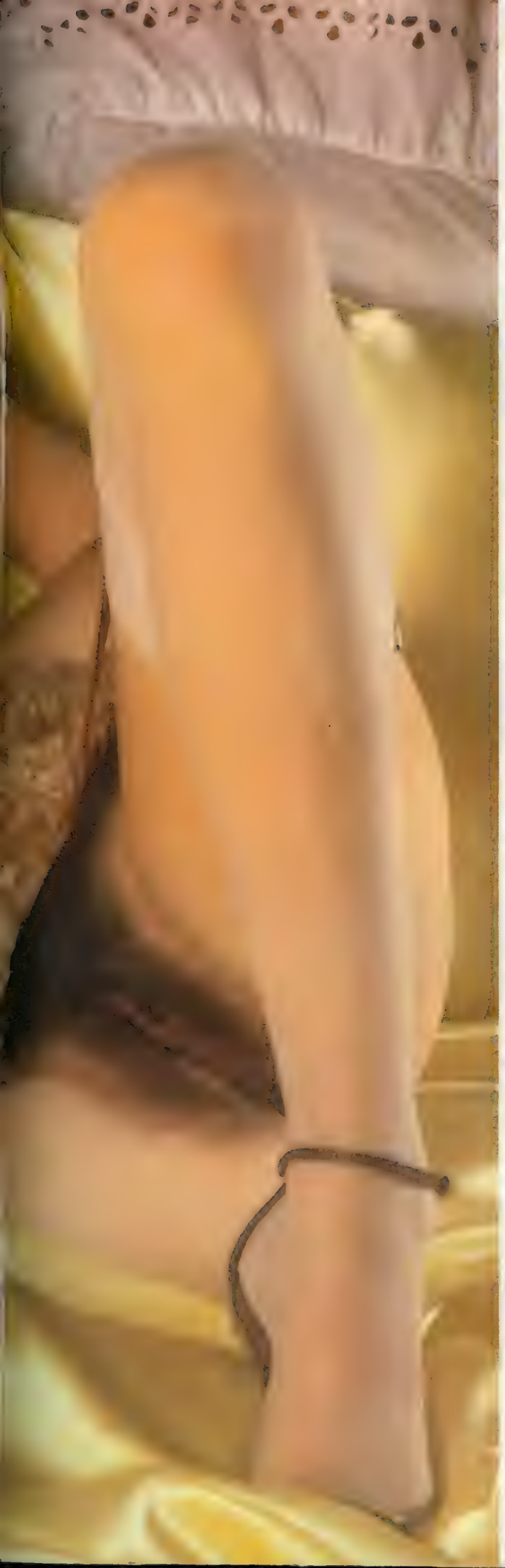
When an aura of sweet prettiness and light is allied with a statuesque and near perfect figure of 34-22-34 inches it can mean more than a few problems for a girl with a mind of her own, as 22-year-old Elenora will be only too happy to tell you

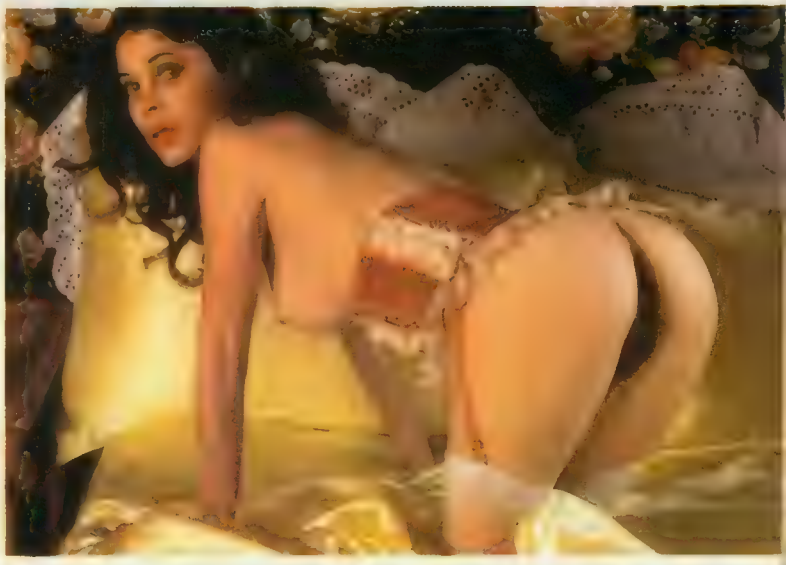
Photographed by R. B. Kane

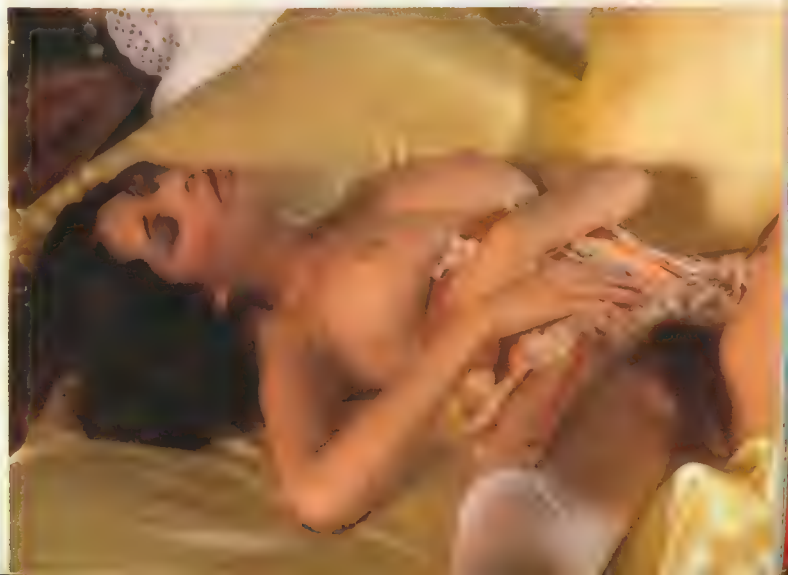
Elenora

"I find I get two reactions from men I meet", Elenora explains. "Either they try to leap on me at once, and they're usually the type who do that automatically with anyone they go out with. Or they treat me as if I'm permanently wrapped up in cotton wool. Actually I just want to be treated as myself!"









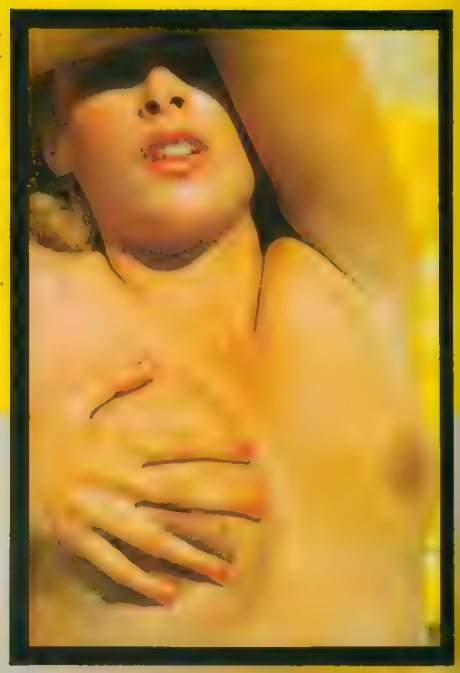
Knave's Maid

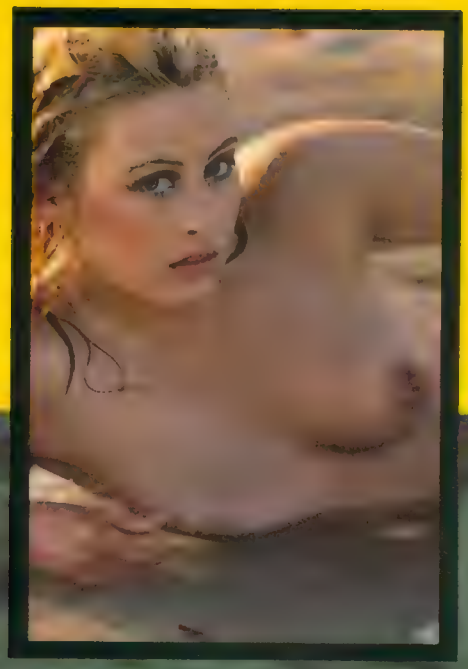
of the Mouth

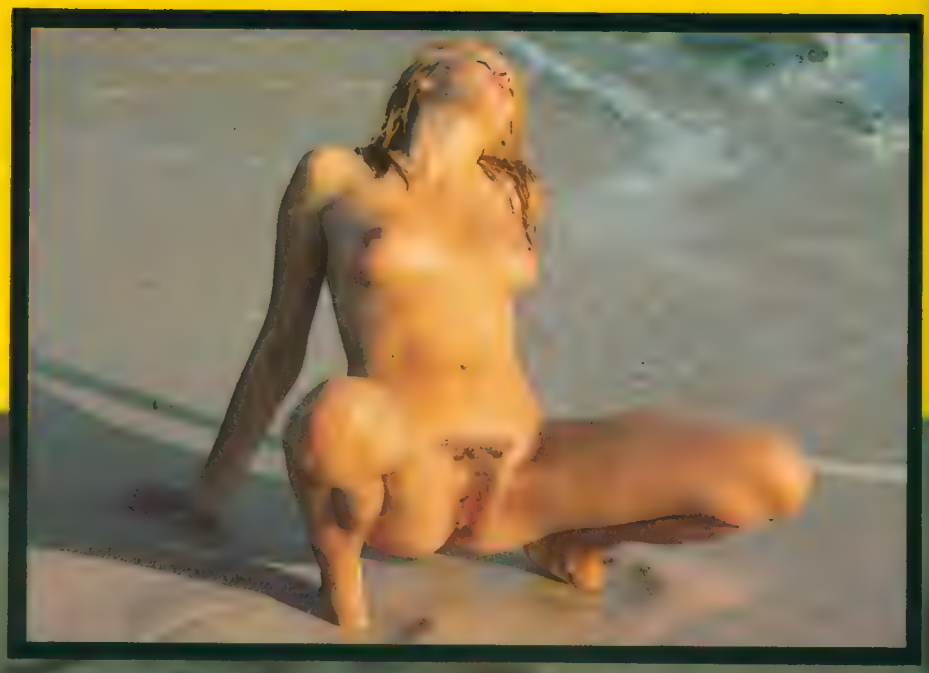
SHIRLEY

Photographed by Ed Alexander

Shirley believes in straight lines, lines that lead straight to the nearest lively party (perhaps half an hour before the police arrive to warn everyone to keep the noise down), to the closest loud, bright-lit pub, or—preferably—to the most available generous, obliging young man who also happens to think in straight lines.





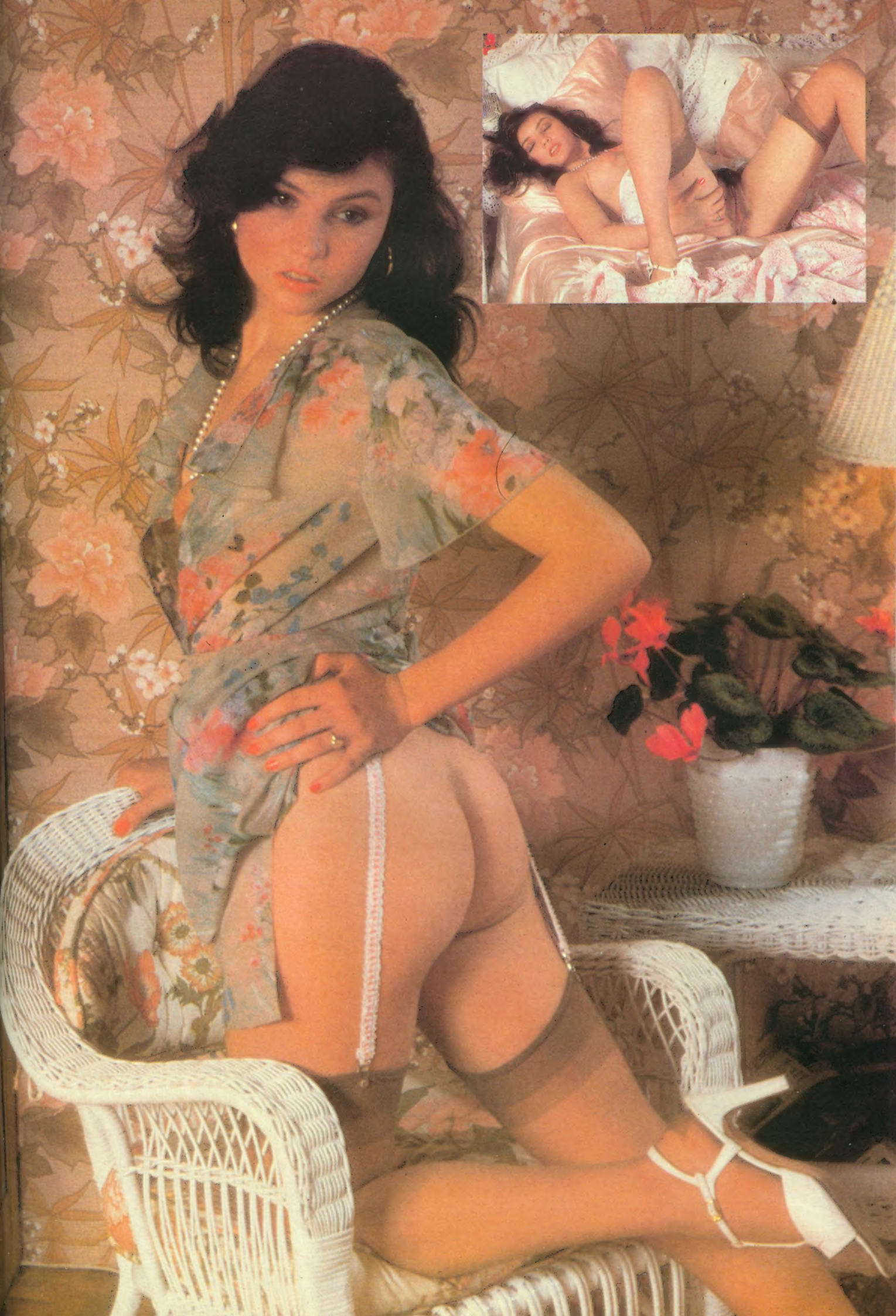


Some of those straight lines lead directly to bed. "Why not?" she asks, wide-eyed. "You *know* within five minutes of meeting someone new if you're going to end up between the sheets with them or not. So why not act immediately?" Straight words from a girl whose only indirect lines are her 36-26-35 inches.

And what exactly is that? "A little bit shy, but I doubt if you'd be aware of that, not at first. *Very* determined if I really want something—or somebody". A significant look under long, low lashes. "And unbelievably sexy!" True? She nods. "With the right person, absolutely".

Cupcakes

What to say about cupcakes? Or Cupcakes? Indeed. Best to consult the lady herself on this very strange nom de plume. How did she arrive at such a delirious ensign? How does she feel about it when the local customers descend in droves to *The Neon Sneeze* just to get their pint pulled by her and whisper "Hey, Cupcakes, don't forget the peanuts", like crazed halfwits unable to fathom such weird nipple splendour?

"As if you didn't know", she titters. She's right, you know. Just getting these two udders in the one photograph is an achievement not to be sneered at. It brings water to your eyes. "Yes, they're for real", she proclaims courageously, reading our thoughts. "Touch them if you like. You won't be the first". Well, we did. It isn't only the Mafia who issue these invitations. Try refusing yourself.

Photographed by R. B. Kane